



A fishing pole comes in handy when you live in this neighborhood. That's the Izenour House on the right.

erty," supercharges all shoreline property, including The Creek.

Those outsiders who fall in love with its giddy grittiness are willing to be patient (and creative) to find a path to live there. Sandra Vlock, who moved to Stony Creek 23 years ago with fellow architect Glenn Arbonies, tells a typical tale: "We were just married and our plan was to build a house. We moved here in the fall of 1986 and rented a house across from the town beach for

several years looking for any house or side yard to come up for sale. We discovered that real estate in Stony Creek was basically passed down and few properties — at that time — were put on the market. But the experience of waiting for any opportunity, revealed to us the uniqueness of village life. It was no longer the view that inspired us, but the uniqueness of the community."

Stony Creek's healthy ego not only comes from its history, but it's also

enhanced by its place in the geography of coastal Connecticut, where "fingers" of land, such as Guilford's Sachem's Head or Madison's Hammonasset Beach State Park, jut into Long Island Sound. But the ragged rock ridges that made the quarry rock so available also meant the coastal railroad had to be run tightly across Stony Creek's neck to the mainland, allowing but one small underpass passage for Thimble Island Road for anyone wishing to enter or

leave the village itself. Because of this single narrow aperture to a very special place, Stony Creek seems more like an Island with a bridge to it than a town on a peninsula, like Stonington.

As its access road's name suggests, the other extraordinary feature of Stony Creek is its halo of islands that are cast off its shores — the Thimble Islands — the name derived from the local thimbleberry, although the size and shape of a sewing thimble still makes sense when

you see them for the first time. The islands are a necklace of pink granite pearls — either 100 or over 300 of them, depending on the level of the tide at any given hour and day (and global warming's impact on sea level). Most are bare rock, but about 25 are inhabited (in fair weather) — from Exton's Reef that has a deck and little shed house on concrete piers, to Rogers Island with a 1902 Tudor Estate and outbuildings. With lush trees growing atop the pink

granite and names like Pot, Money, Potato and High, their romance perfectly complements the quirky edge of this special enclave.

Charlie Goetsch, a New Haven attorney who summered his entire life on High (aka Kidd — yes, that's Captain Kidd) Island where seven families own separate residences with common land — rhapsodizes on the magic of actually living on a summer idyll: "Of course it is a paradise for children, and what

Below, the first Simon/Bellamy house on Thimble Island Road.

